

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

**"A
Good Club Man
is a credit to his club"**

He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!

Payne's
Seaforth
PASTILLES

In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS

Why Bradman was A Winner!

AN ENGLISH newspaper, surveying the cricket scene after the final Test match, ranked Bradman as "the perfect diplomat." Perhaps this evaluation was more gratifying even than the newspaper's acknowledgement of his cricket genius.

Cricket, the game of cricket, as played internationally, rises almost to the level of a diplomatic mission; for, not Bradman, nor Morris, nor Barnes should hit an average higher than that of Good Fellowship.

England realised that to win the Ashes, in certain circumstances, was not worth the striving; that so little had been won by comparison with so much that had been lost. Australia, too, has been quick to adjust misunderstanding arising through excess of zeal.

Great cricketers are not machines. They remain human, beset by many human frailties. They are exposed often to greater provocation by reason of tension. In 1948 years the world has not produced the perfect woman; and so we should pardon the imperfect man. He can't make the grade; that is, generally speaking.

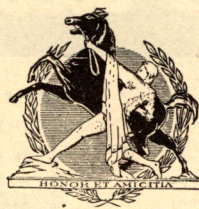
To a rare few only are conceded mental calm, temperamental stability and resistance to the strain of momentous events. Those rare few are natural leaders, although, unlike Bradman, they may not possess supreme skill or intellectual equipment equal to other members of the team, the assembly or what not.

Bradman is not a sentimentalist in worldly affairs. His approach to life—outside the family circle—is not conditioned by emotion. He has not the virtue—as some of us regard it—of hail-fellow-well-metism; nor may he be counted a good mixer, as many of us understand the term. Even he may be regarded as austere, aloof.

But everywhere, and by all, Bradman is recognised as being a man of character with extraordinary gifts that have manifested themselves not only in the realm of cricket. He's a living symbol of The Right Thing, interpreted ethically and morally. In a world—including a cricket world—of talkers he is paramountly a thinker. Of such stuff are diplomats made.

Probably Destiny tossed up when surveying Don in his cradle—whether he should flourish on the playing fields or win distinction in the chancellories.

In any case, Bradman is somebody to remember, for he has left us a good deal by which to remember him—not the least as "the perfect diplomat."



Established 14th May, 1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

Chairman:

S. E. CHATTERTON

Treasurer:

JOHN HICKEY

Committee:

F. J. CARBERRY
GEORGE CHIENE
A. G. COLLINS
A. J. MATTHEWS

G. J. C. MOORE
JOHN A. ROLES
F. G. UNDERWOOD
DONALD WILSON

Secretary:

M. D. J. DAWSON

AFFILIATED CLUBS :

DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB Denver, U.S.A.
LAKE SHORE CLUB OF CHICAGO Chicago, Ill.
LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Allied with the Los Angeles ATHLETIC CLUB:—

Pacific Coast Club.
Riviera Country Club.

OLYMPIC CLUB San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB New York, U.S.A.
TERMINAL CITY CLUB Vancouver, B.C.
SAN DIEGO CLUB San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.
ARCTIC CLUB Seattle

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

SEPTEMBER.

1st Percy Smith	19th C. H. Dodds
2nd P. M. King	20th C. Graves
W. H. Bentley	21st Mark Barnett
3rd G. T. Rowe	22nd John Hickey
R. Quinell	23rd Rex Cullen-
F. C. Williams	Ward
7th R. A. Dunstan	24th Sir Samuel
8th J. J. Crennan	Hordern
9th E. A. Box	26th W. Longworth
13th A. O. Romano	P. Pilcher
15th J. Wyatt	27th J. S. Irwin
F. Gawler	28th E. A. Nettlefold
S. N. West	30th A. L. Brown
W. Dittfort	H. D. McRae
C. H. D. Scou-	W. H. Sellen
gall	
17th S. E. Chatterton	
H. V. S. Kirby	

OCTOBER.

4th L. C. Wicks	20th Alex. Colqu-
K. J. Patrick	houn
5th F. P. Robinson	21st E. R. Deveridge
6th E. W. Bell	D. S. Orton
S. V. Toose	27th A. J. Moverley
9th S. S. Crick	29th R. G. Plasto
14th H. Townsend	31st C. Bartlett
A. Leslie Cooper	

ACROSS from West Australia on one of his periodic visits is Alf Levy whom we greet. Alf, one of our oldest members—not in years, mind you, but in years of membership—is always assured of a warm welcome, particularly on account of the generous hospitality he dispenses to visitors from here to the West.

OUR former chairman, W. W. Hill, made at least Australian history in having polled the possible in 631 valid votes cast at Sydney Turf Club's election. Going to a vote of members for election to office was a new experience for Mr. Hill. He had been unopposed since 1906 in office in many organisations, including this Club (Chairman and Treasurer), N.S.W. Rugby Union, N.S.W. Amateur Swimming Assn., Olympic Games, British Empire Games. He retired together with a number of his S.T.C. committeemen, under the rules of the club, on this latest occasion.

THOSE who knew Percy Miller for the greater part of his lifetime said that, though at various stages he was blessed by fortune, in any case a man of his extraordinary gifts and tenacity would have come to the

YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE

It has been suggested we conduct a Members' Forum in our magazine. Your ideas, put on paper for publication, will be gladly accepted. Give us your ideas on how we can improve, or maybe you have a complaint. In any case the secretary will be pleased to receive your notification.

top. He gave himself little let up in life until his last illness demanded steady going. Even then he remained mentally alive and engrossed in all that was going on in his many interests. When he made a friend he kept him as a friend—a shining virtue in any man. He placed a great value on personal loyalty and in business transactions, his second name was Integrity.

SOME say that use is second nature, that a habit acquired early in life cannot be thrown off lightly. George Price must be an exception. All his life, until several years ago, he had been accustomed to rise in the grey dawn. Now he can turn over and enjoy that extra nap after the first shafts of sunlight strike through the window pane.

E. J. O'BRIEN has a memory that probably not many in this club may claim. As a youth he saw Carbine win the Melbourne Cup in 1890—and he retains the picture in his mind's eye as vividly as in yesterday.

Club member, who doesn't wish to be named, said: "The committee is to be congratulated on the splendid selection of reading matter at the disposal of members in the club-room. Perhaps I'm saying here what many others are thinking."

PERCY UTZ, who died this month, was a member of the well-known family of that name. The happy approach to life, and friendly spirit, did not desert him in sickness, and he passed from our company remembered kindly.

IN Mark Twain's country anything can happen. So Heliotrope won the Californian frog-jumping championship with a leap of 11 ft. 5 in. before a crowd of 10,000 sportsmen. "He's a frog in a million," said his present owner who collected heavily in bets.

CONRAD HORLEY has been re-elected president of the Australian-American Society, an estimable institution which, as its name implies, promotes goodwill between the peoples of the two great democracies.

DEATHS—

We regret to record the passing of the following members since last issue:—W. L. RIORDAN, Elected 29/10/1928, Died 20/7/48; L. C. MOORE, Elected 25/8/41, Died 13/8/48; R. W. COWARD, Elected 19/3/1928, Died 18/8/48; P. F. MILLER, Elected 20/3/16, Died 23/8/48; P. R. UTZ, Elected 18/7/32, Died 22/8/48.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

SUB-COMMITTEES :

House Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Chairman), J. Hickey (Treasurer), F. J. Carberry, A. G. Collins, G. J. C. Moore, J. A. Roles.

Card Room Stewards:

G. Chiene, A. G. Collins, A. J. Matthews, J. A. Roles.

Billiards & Snooker Tournaments Committee:

J. A. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, W. Longworth, C. E. Young

Handball Committee:

P. B. Lindsay (Hon. Secretary).

Swimming Club Committee:

J. Dexter (Hon. Secretary), A. S. Block, J. Gunton.

Bowling Club Committee:

J. A. Roles (President), E. G. Dewdney (Vice-President), C. E. Young, C. L. Davis, Harold Hill, E. F. Krieger, E. C. Murray, Gordon H. Booth (Hon. Secretary).

CLUB PERSONALITY

Sep Prosser, one of the best known and popular club members, retired recently as a member of the Paddock betting ring. He has decided to restrict his activities mainly to soldiers' organisations.

WELFARE of the returned soldier has always been, and shall continue to be one of Sep's main interests in life. He joined the Club in 1926 and his 22 years' membership has been a happy association.

Sep, early in life, served a five years' apprenticeship as an electrical mechanic in N.S.W. Railway and Tramway Dept., and paid a visit to the shores of Gallipoli, being attached to the 7th Australian Light Horse. A genial Club member, he puts it this way:—"I was most unpopular with Old Abdul, and he clipped my wings. Apparently he knew little of cricket as I feel certain he hit me when I wasn't looking. I was discharged at the end of 1916."

Despite loss of his right arm Sep has always been a cheerful sportsman and liked by his fellow men. He thought bookmaking would be a good scheme as he was "a bit lopsided" as to a means of earning a livelihood and he secured an A.J.C. licence in 1917, first operating in the St. Leger. Later he graduated to the Paddock. He proved a successful layer of odds and made a wide circle of friends among big and small punters alike. His genial manner and forbearance appealed to the public who crowded around his stand each race day.

Many Times President

Sep has held the position of President of sub-branches of the R.S. & S. I. League of Australia, and has had experience of Local Govt., having been a Councillor of the Shire of Wollondilly. He was President for two years but didn't seek re-election. For six years he filled position of President of the Paddock Bookmakers' Association.

Asked by writer to recall his greatest thrill on a racecourse, Sep said:—"It was when I first started to field and got a skinner for 26/-! That was a 'real' kick-off."

Another thrill was when he was approached by two prominent trainers who were the committee members of the Randwick and Coogee Patriotic organisation which functioned during the war years and

through whose wonderful efforts between £6,000 and £7,000 was raised. They asked Sep for his opinion as to



Sep Prosser.

which section of the Returned soldiers the money be allocated. Sep had no doubts in his mind. A meeting was arranged consisting of the committee of the organisation named and about 40 blinded soldiers, the outcome of which is that the blind soldiers have a wonderful clubroom at the Blind Institute.

Sep's legion of friends wish him happy days ahead.

BLOOD AND BLUNDER

LIEUT.-GENERAL GIFFARD LE

Q. MARTEL, veteran of two world wars, pioneer of mechanised warfare, tells a story of the night "The Rag" (Army and Navy Club) was bombed and he lost his right eye. He felt no pain at the time, searched with an electric torch for other casualties. One, Brigadier Sir Atwell Baylay, was overlooked until 2 a.m. when a club servant found him knocked out behind a sofa. The servant said: "Good heavens, sir, is that your blood?" Baylay, raising himself to look at the pool, said: "Certainly not, it's not blue enough."

—Ian Coster in "Daily Mail."

They Settle It

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, new chairman of Tattersall's Committee, which adjudicates on betting disputes, is one of the "live wires" of the Jockey Club. Since he joined the board of the Birmingham Racecourse Company their meetings have become worthy of that great city.

The Jockey Club does not concern itself directly with betting, but gives authority to Tattersall's Committee. The Club nominates two of its own members to this tribunal, which includes at present several owners of horses, four well-known bookmakers, and one racing journalist.

The Jockey Club warns off all persons failing to conform to the decisions of the committee. Any one can bring before the committee a betting dispute arising from horse-racing. Fee (paid by the applicant) is one guinea for claims under £50, two guineas when more is involved, and is not returnable.

How would you decide this Ascot betting query? A. said to his friend B., who was going into the ring, "Cover Black Tarquin for me to win £500," meaning to lay out sufficient, according to the odds, to win that sum in the event of Black Tarquin's success. B., misunderstanding these instructions, put £500 on the horse at 5-1.

As Black Tarquin won, the gain was £2,500, or £2,000 more than A. expected. Who should profit from the mistake?

Unless there are unstated factors, and if the error is not disputed, B. keeps the £2,000 for himself, for if Black Tarquin had lost he could not have claimed more from his friend than £100, the stake needed to win £500.

THAT'S HOW

THE MOST stimulating successes in history have come from persons who, facing some kind of limitations and handicaps, took them as part of life's game and played splendidly in spite of them. Once when Ole Bull, the great violinist, was giving a concert in Paris, his A string snapped and he transposed the composition and finished it on three strings. That is life—to have your A string snap and finish on three strings.—Robert Benchley.

A U S T R A L I A N J O C K E Y C L U B

SPRING MEETING

1948



To be held on RANDWICK RACECOURSE, on

OCTOBER 2nd, 4th, 6th and 9th

PRINCIPAL EVENTS:

OCTOBER 2nd.

THE BREEDERS' PLATE, **£1,500** added . . . Five Furlongs

THE A.J.C. DERBY, **£10,000** added . . One Mile and a Half

THE COLIN STEPHEN STAKES, **£2,000** added
One Mile and a Half

THE EPSOM HANDICAP, **£4,000** added One Mile

OCTOBER 4th.

THE GIMCRACK STAKES, **£1,500** added . . Five Furlongs

THE METROPOLITAN HANDICAP **£6,000** added
One Mile and Five Furlongs

THE GEORGE MAIN STAKES, **£2,000** added . . One Mile

OCTOBER 6th.

THE FLIGHT STAKES, **£2,000** added One Mile

THE CRAVEN PLATE, **£2,000** added, One Mile and a Quarter

OCTOBER 9th.

THE RANDWICK PLATE, **£2,000** added . . . Two Miles

T. NICHOLSON, Racing Secretary,
6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

W. N. PARRY-OKEDEN,
Secretary.



Top-Class Performers set for Chelmsford Stakes

Rich in historical turf interest and now programmed more than 50 years, Tattersall's Chelmsford Stakes is one of Australia's most notable weight-for-age contests and a main highlight of Sydney's spring racing. Tabulated list of its winners includes most of the best horses to have graced the Australian turf.

AN attractive nine furlong's weight for age event with penalties and allowances, the Chelmsford was first run in 1895. Many of its famous winners successfully handled penalties, but few favoured by the allowance conditions have managed to beat the crack performers.

In pre-war years New Zealanders figured prominently in the list. One of them, Limerick, holds the record so far as number of successes is concerned. That grand galloper won the race in 1926-7-8 with 7.13, 9.4, and 9.8 respectively. In the first of his three wins he defeated Windbag, who had previously landed the Melbourne Cup.

One of the Dominion's most outstanding gallopers, Gloaming, was successful in 1918 Chelmsford, ridden by Desmond O'Connor — long since out of the ranks of jockeys but still a regular racegoer. Gloaming started at 7 to 2 and beat Rebus and Kennaquhair, two high-class performers of their time and great weight carriers.

Rapine, Ammon Ra, Gaine Carrington, Mala, Royal Chief, Defaulter, Beaulivre, Beau Vite, and Sleepy Fox, were other New Zealanders to add their name to list of winners of the Club's popular race.

In 1946, Bernborough, raced by Club member Mr. A. O. Romano, beat Two Grand and Prince Consort. Bernborough is now at the stud in America. Twelve months ago Proctor was too solid for Good Idea and Two Grand.

Record time, 1-50½, stands to credit of Heroic, and was made in 1924 when that capable galloper de-

feated Gloaming and Wallace Mortlake. No wonder Heroic made a record with Gloaming among his rivals. Gloaming, who also was second to Beauform in 1922 — started in 67 races for 57 wins and nine seconds, and earned £43,100 in stakes.

This year's Chelmsford should be the most interestingly contested weight for age race since the days

NOTICE

It is the intention of the Committee to instal another Safe Deposit Safe, which will contain 72 Lockers, each approx. 6 ins. by 5 ins. by 16 ins., providing members need this service. The rental will be £3/10/- per Safe per annum, and those members desirous of obtaining Safes are requested to apply to the Club Office.

M. D. J. DAWSON, Secretary.

when Pharlap, Heroic, Gloaming, Limerick, Rogilla, Windbag and more recently Beau Vite and Beaulivre figured in the headlines.

The Club received more than 20 nominations. Not one top-class N.S.W. horse is missing from the list and patrons are in for a brilliant day's racing as Epsom and Metropolitan highlights as well as Derby contenders figure prominently in the handicap events. The three-year-olds are also strongly represented in the weight for age race. One of this age who will create interest is Clement, a last start winner and a son of Heart's Desire who was twice placed second in the Caulfield Cup and also ran third in the Melbourne Cup.

Clement's mission is the £10,000 Derby but he is expected to make a bold showing in the Chelmsford in which other 3-year-olds include Ungar, Riptide, Royal Andrew, Vagabond, and Carbon Copy, another Victorian with sound credentials.

Of the older horses most notable entry is Columnist. He will be the popular selection and on form should win as his performances have been outstanding. Proctor, last year's winner, again is a contender, and a good show, especially with a firm track. Others nominated include Dark Marne, Flying Duke, Crusader and Paktong.

Speedmen's Venture

JOHNN COBB, the fastest motorist in the world, together with George Eyston, Goldie Gardner and others who are always close on his heels, have formed their own racing motorists' honorary research panel.

Chairman is Maurice Olley (Vauxhall's distinguished American designer), who is backed up by the technical editors of "The Autocar" and "The Motor."

The panel went into action for the first time on May 25, when the speedmen in the Empire Trophy Race, Isle of Man, were given a scientific questionnaire to complete.

Some think this development may jolt the powerful Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders into paying more regard to the voices who say "racing improves the breed." I doubt it.

The Bees Work Overtime

WHEN THE FRUIT fails to set and the cabbages and clover run short of seed—and it is happening now—something has gone wrong with the balance of nature.

"Blame the bees," say the farmers. "Blame the bees," say the gardeners, "there just aren't enough of them." And it is true.

In a creeper-covered house behind the White Horse Inn at Harpenden, Herts, tall, 35-year-old Dr. Colin Butler is experimenting to find an answer.

He explained why intensive farming during the last ten years has made his work vital to our entire agricultural programme. No longer are there enough wild insects—bumble bees and the like—to pollinate all our field crops and fruit trees.

More crops have been planted than wild insects could cope with, and the wild-bee colonies have been decimated. For, as farmers cleaned up their land, they destroyed the hedge-row nesting sites, cut the weeds which fed the insects until the crops blossomed, and killed millions of bumble bees with poison sprays intended for pests.

To increase the wild insect population is impossible. All that can be done is to replace them with hives of honey bees. This is Dr. Butler's problem.

But he has shown that simply increasing the number of hives is not enough. The bees have to be made to work to order.

His chief difficulty is getting them to patronise crops they dislike—red clover is one. This is among our most important fodder crops, but its nectar is awkwardly placed for the short tongues of honey bees. So they ignore it.

In East Anglia, especially, farmers are regularly failing to get it to set seed. Dr. Butler thinks he may eventually breed a race of bees with longer tongues, but he is first solving the red clover problem another way—by what he calls "fooling the bees."

He puts into the hive some syrup in which red clover flowers have been

soaked. As the bees drink it they break up the scent of the clover, and this fools them into believing that red clover is yielding a good drink.

The false news spreads through the hive and the bees fly out in search of the flowers. Even if they find little nectar in the red clover they keep on looking long enough to pollinate the flowers and set the seed.

Dr. Butler checks his theories by marking bees with paint; then he follows them in the field and watches them at home in a glass-sided hive he has built in his laboratory. The final result of his work we'll find in our larders.

FASHION NOTE: Gordon Richards is named best-dressed of a collection of sportsmen by the current "Tailor and Cutter." Sydney Wooderson is described as "just a root, sartorially." Comment on Johnny Weismuller is "How do you write down a scream of sartorial anguish?" Objection is raised to Stanley Matthews' tie, Freddie Mills' overchecks, Len Hutton's coat.



TATTERSALL'S 1948 Melbourne Cup Consultation

is now well on the way.

£50,000 FIRST PRIZE

£1 (plus postages)

(Halves and Quarters available)

You must be in this.



The address - - -

**GEO. ADAMS (Tattersall),
HOBART.**

For Quality Meat . . .

HENRY WOOLFE

Two Famous Meat Stores

**636 GEORGE STREET and
130 PITT STREET, SYDNEY**

NEARLY OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE

The 1948 Three-Year-Old Puzzle

Three-year-olds had a field day at Randwick on Saturday, August 28, and incidentally clouded the Derby issue to an extent unheard of for many years.

IT is rare indeed for five races in one day at Randwick to be won by three-year-olds and, although three of the events were restricted to horses of that age, the Warwick Stakes and Campbelltown Handicap, won by Septet and Bernbrook respectively, were open to allcomers.

Prior to that meeting, the Derby was looked upon almost as a three-sided match with Riptide, Ungar and Comic Court filling the roles as the stars but now the position has undergone a revolutionary change and at the moment others in Snowstream, Freedom, Royal Andrew, Septet and Bernbrook each have their body of supporters for the Blue Riband.

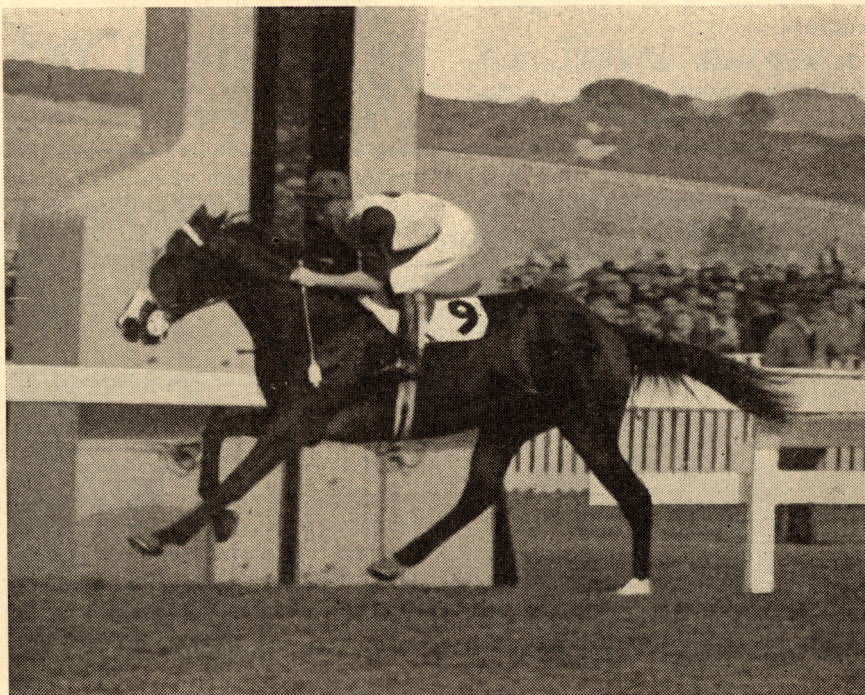
Four of these latter five youngsters won at the Randwick meeting and each of them put up a fine performance but Royal Andrew, who finished only second to San Domenico, perhaps caught the eye more as a Derby prospect than any of the winners.

Bad luck early in the race and an accident suffered by jockey Mulley near the finish militated against Royal Andrew's chance but the colt rose superior to these disadvantages and, with a devastating run from the Leger, almost grabbed the prize from the unbeaten San Domenico. It was a great effort and if the son of St. Andrew trains on he'll cause the Derby contenders a lot of trouble on October 2.

Snowstream and Freedom were both impressive in victory and as they are bred on staying lines must be considered as having real chances in the classic. Both are susceptible to improvement and should be cherry ripe by Derby day.

Septet beat the older horses in the weight-for-age Warwick Stakes and, although he claimed a maiden's allowance, nothing can be taken away from the merit of the performance. It is not often that an early three-year-old races in weight-for-age company and they seldom win, so the effort of Septet stands out. He is by Genetout (Fr.) from Hesione and showed by his all the way victory that he has inherited pace from his speedy dam. He has to travel three furlongs further in the Derby but gives the impression he can do it.

Another impressive performance was that of Bernbrook which scored an easy win over open company in the Campbelltown Handicap. It is



Riptide.

unusual for colts to score in this company so early in the season, but Bernbrook did it with ease and many good judges declare his was the outstanding Derby trial at the meeting.

Valiant Crown won the same event the previous year and went on to Derby honours and it wouldn't cause any major surprise were Bernbrook to follow suit this year.

One good three-year-old which didn't hit the headlines at Randwick was Blue Diamond but he is going

to be a force in his age group by the time the big meeting is due for decision.

Several Derby hopes did not start at Randwick including Comic Court, Clement and Carbon Copy, and this trio may have to be seriously considered when assessing the Derby chances.

Clement won at Moonee Valley on August 28 from Carbon Copy and both raced in a manner suggesting staying ability.

Riptide and Ungar raced fairly well in the Hobartville Stakes to finish third and fourth respectively and they, too, will be there when the whips are cracking at Randwick.

Of course, form may be a lot clearer by October 2 but it does seem that the 1948 Derby is one of the most open of recent years.



VICKII JEWELLERS

146 King Street, Sydney. B 6294.

622 George Street, Sydney. MA 7754.

have just opened a new sports trophy department at both stores.

All Trophies guaranteed E.P.N.S. A 1 Quality. You will find that our prices compare more than favourably with any elsewhere in Sydney. Special reduction of 10% off Catalogue Prices to all Clubs on all orders up to 31st December, 1948. All shields, badges and emblems made to order. See our display, also large range of imported Cut Crystal and Silverware suitable for presentations—Canteen Cutlery, etc.

Call at VICKII JEWELLERS, The Sporting Trophy Cup Specialists.

As a sporting gesture VICKII will donate to all Clubs ordering Trophies a specially designed Cup Free of Charge. Listen to our Radio Session each Sunday, 2UE, 3.30-4 p.m.

SWIMMING POOL SPLASHES

SUCCESSFUL SEASON ENDS

AUGUST marked the end of one of the most successful seasons Tattersall's Club Amateur Swimming Club has had in its twenty years' existence.

It may come as a surprise to many of our members to know that the Club has functioned for such a long period but it's a fact and during that time a lot of fun and good sport have been enjoyed by both the competitors and onlookers on the third floor.

One unique feature is that during the whole twenty years the secretary, Jack Dexter, has been in office and looks like making the century yet.

1947/1948 season saw a lot of new starters and in all just on fifty members started in the 37 events held with an average field of 16 starters.

The main event of the season, the contest for the "Native Son" trophies presented by Bill Kirwan for the first three men in the season's total point score, saw Sid Lorking first past the post from Stuart Murray and Clive Hoole. The last two had a battle royal for the minor placings but Murray just landed second place by a half point.

The last monthly point score trophy was won by consistent Arthur Webber who just headed Peter Lindsay by half a point with Arthur McCamley another half point away third—a fitting thrilling finale to a crackerjack season.

Peter Lindsay and Arthur McCamley won most finals, five, during the season and it is of interest to see how the races went as follows:—

P. Lindsay 5 firsts, 4 seconds, 1 third; A. McCamley 5-2-2; C. Chatterton 4-1-2; A. K. Webber 4-4-2; D. Wilson 3-2-0; H. E. Davis 3-1½-1; C. Hoole 3-4-4; V. Richards 3-0-0; P. E. Gunton 3-0-1.

Winners of two races each were K. Hunter, T. H. English, J. Shaffran, P. Hill, N. P. Murphy, S. Murray and W. Kendall whilst the following won one each: S. Lorking, D. B. Hunter, B. Chiene, S. B. Solomon, C. B. Phillips, W. B. Phillips, G. Boulton and Dr. R. Opie.

It is strange to note that the season's biggest point scorer, Sid Lorking, only won two finals but his consistent tally of four seconds and 7½ thirds with five other starts in finals put him well on top.

Lorking qualified for most finals, 18, followed by J. Shaffran 15, A. K. Webber, P. Lindsay and S. Murray 14, C. Hoole and A. McCamley 13, P. Hill 12, K. Hunter 11.

Dave Hunter "T.M.S."

Title of "T.M.S." goes to Dave Hunter who took five second placings.

Thanks of club members are tendered to Jack Gunton, Handicapper and judge and Sam Block, Starter and Judge who gave good service in their official posts and were always on deck to help the competitions on their way.

The club is now in recess but a resumption will be made in October when it is hoped to see all the old members plus a lot of new ones in action.

Results of the last race of the season, a Brace Relay Handicap

over 80 yards on August 3 were:—A. K. Webber and G. Boulton (50) 1; N. P. Murphy and C. Chatterton (51) 2; A. McCamley and Dr. R. Opie (48) 3. Time was 48-4/5 secs.

July-August Point Score results:—A. K. Webber, 21 points, 1; P. Lindsay, 20½, 2; A. McCamley, 20, 3; C. Chatterton, 19, 4; S. B. Solomon and P. Hill, 18, 5; C. Hoole, 16, 7; S. Lorking and J. Shaffran, 15½, 8; G. Boulton, 15, 10.

Final points in the 1947/1948 Point Score were:—S. Lorking 159, S. Murray 145, C. Hoole 144½, A. McCamley and K. Hunter 139½, A. Webber 136, P. Lindsay 136½, J. Shaffran 125½, P. Hill 105, N. P. Murphy 104, C. Chatterton 96½, H. E. Davis and S. B. Solomon 92½, D. B. Hunter 89, D. Wilson 72, T. H. English 68½, P. E. Gunton 57, B. Chiene 52½, C. B. Phillips 51½, S. Mather 36½, W. Kendall 36.

Is YOUR Car OUT OF ACTION?

Then hire a luxurious, modern car
From AS LOW AS 6d. Mile.
(No Rental Charge)

FREE ROAD SERVICE.

DRIVE YOURSELF

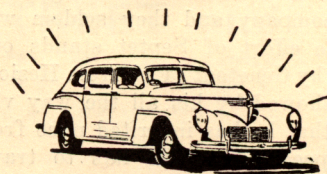
- Days—Nights—Weekends
- Business or Pleasure

AUTO U-DRIVE

COMPANY,

724 George Street, Sydney.
(Next to Mick Simmons)

M6062



CHARLES KINSELA

PTY. LIMITED

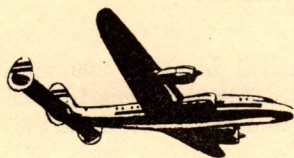
Funeral Directors

Established 1830.

SERVICE WITH ECONOMY
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

Taylor Square
Darlinghurst

'Phones : FA 4136-7-8.



Fly to **AMERICA—CANADA—ENGLAND**

And make all air reservations with Robert Paxton & Co.
COMPLETE SERVICE FOR ALL OVERSEAS BOOKINGS
 with connections to other countries.

SAVE 15 per cent. U.S. TAX!

Advance bookings with us for American Airlines, Railroads, Greyhound 'Buses, and
 Hotels save you 15% U.S. Transport Tax.

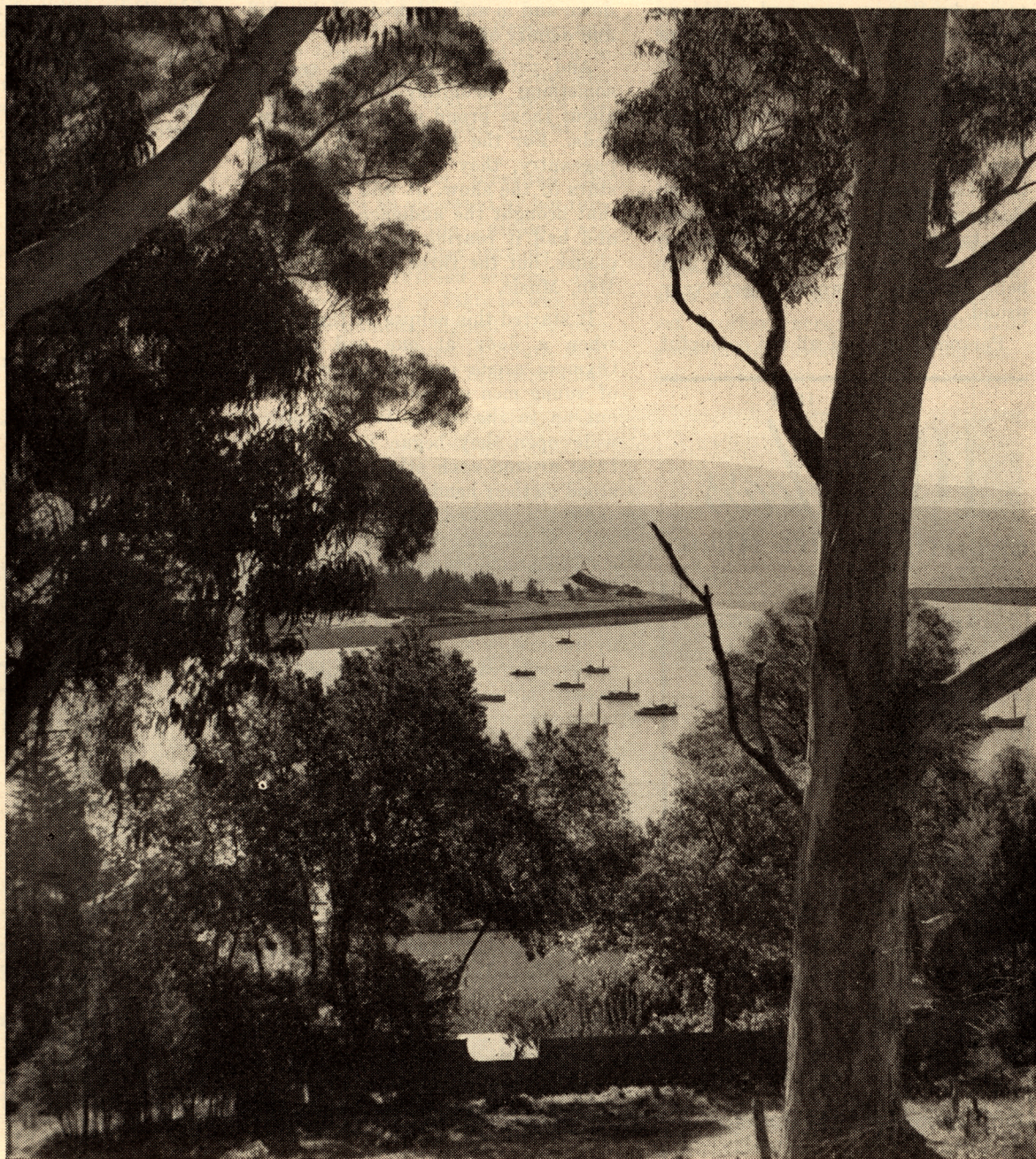
ROBERT PAXTON & CO.

9-11 MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY.

Air Travel Bureau

*'PHONE BW4158**

All the beauties
 of nature are
 not confined to
 Australia as
 New Zealand
 proves with this
 charming study
 of the entrance
 to Nelson Har-
 bour in the
 South Island.



I'm Sorry, But the Horse Has Had It

"But when do jeeps come in?" people were saying at the Olympia Horse Show in London.

IT is a peculiar thing about English people, but the more you crowd them into an arena and put on a stirring display of military skill and colour the less martial they seem to become.

I went along to Olympia with about 4,000 others to the so-called "private view" of the Royal Tournament. We saw a series of hair-raising spectacles by Service men and machines that would have sent the average German out into the street, chest all puffed out, screaming for a fight.

But not us. The quiet, equable air of satisfaction on those English faces as they debouched into the Hammersmith Road was something peculiarly native — and very nice to see. But I hope no foreigner who was there will be deceived into believing that we weren't very, very proud.

Personally, out of all the colourful

sights, the strongest sentiment I carried away was sympathy. For the first time at an English pageant I felt sorry for the horses.

It wasn't that they were bullied, or asked to do too much, or forced to perform unequine and humiliating tricks. They danced to military music, they pranced around the ring, they rumbled gun-carriages 'up and down and in and out with all the skill and dignity of old.

And yet, for once, there seemed something definitely anachronistic about those proud sweating quadrupeds. For the first time in English pageantry, they were no longer the stars of the show. It was not horses that brought the audience to its feet and had it roaring enthusiastic applause, but the three Ms—Machines, Men, Music.

It started this eclipse of the horse, when a door at one end of the Olympia arena opened and a horde of young men on motor-cycles burst out on to the sand. With throttles wide open they began to turn and twist around each other. The riders stood on their heads or turned somersaults or picked up half a dozen other young men while the machines sped like meteors across each other's tracks.

Each time they missed each other by an inch or so all the youth in the audience screamed its excitement. For twenty minutes those motor-cycles made you breathless and thrilled by the things they did. And when they went away at last a shrill scream of approval followed them.

Then came the horses. What they did, actually, was what the machines had already done. Only they did it more slowly. Only they seemed to do it much more clumsily. They, too, cantered across each other's tracks, and galloped in intricate patterns over the arena. But somehow there was no thrill in it.

Compared with those flashing motor-cycles, the horseflesh suddenly looked ungainly and outmoded. You could see the young faces settling in to boredom all over the stands.

A naval band of 200 musicians marched into the arena to take their place and threw at us a pulsating throb of sound. A mass of young sailors climbed to the heights of Olympia and did acrobatics. Soldiers bowed down by equipment wriggled through traps and climbed enormous walls.

Now while they were there, no one fidgetted or nipped away for a bun. We were all immensely proud of them, and said so. So it wasn't just machines we were interested in. The spectacle of human skill and prowess performed by our own flesh and bone moved as much as the antics of any internal combustion engine.

That's why, when it was all over, I felt sorry for the horses. It isn't very pleasant, after 900 years of being a star, giving up pride of place to an engine—first in war, and now even in pageantry.

—Leonard Mosely in London "Daily Express."

FOUNDED 1848.

100 Years

OF DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

and

THE LARGEST INSURANCE
COMPANY IN THE
BRITISH EMPIRE.

The

Prudential

ASSURANCE COMPANY
LIMITED

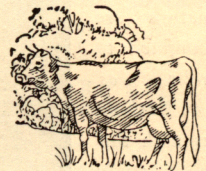
(Incorporated in England)

LIFE — FIRE — ACCIDENT
MARINE

Specialists in Staff Superannuation
Schemes.

Head Office for Australia and
New Zealand :

PRUDENTIAL BUILDING,
MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY.



RING
M2981

for
butter
milk
ice
bread
fish
poultry and
Penguin Ice Cream.

The N.S.W.
**FRESH FOOD
AND ICE CO., LTD.**
1 HARBOUR STREET, SYDNEY.

Unusual Record by Two Adelaide-Owned Mares

It is most unusual for brood mares to produce a sequence of winners one year after another, but two South Australian owned stud matrons are now figuring in the news from this point of view. They are French Gem and Witty Maid, and are their owners happy!

FRENCH GEM, owned by George Badman, a prominent Adelaide sportsman, businessman, thoroughbred breeder and racehorse owner, is dam of the famous "Gems," Royal, Beau and Crown, to which has now been added Regal Gem. As distinct from her immediate relatives, Regal is a filly, two-years-old, and along with the other three has arrived in Melbourne to contest early races against Victoria's best youngsters.

George holds a high opinion of the lass. He was fortunate to secure title of Regal Gem. Rather an apt name with the Royal Visit taking place early next year. French Gem has others of the clan to follow. She won, among other races, 1938 Oaks. Beau Gem is a popular order for the Cups and his owner expects victory by this member or one of his stablemates.

French Gem, bred in 1935, is by

Beau Fils (imp.) from Fission by Valais (imp.) or Chrysolaus (imp.), from Hyppolyte by Linaere (imp.) from Miss Bass. She goes back to Chester.

Regal Gem might meet Adelaide's latest speedster, St. Comedy, in the Debutant Stakes at Caulfield on October 9. St. Comedy is third of the winning progeny of Witty Maid, the others being Comedy Prince and Comic Court. Last named is now in Sydney for the A.J.C. Derby and other races. He beat Ungar in the autumn, and Ungar had won at his six previous starts.

St. Comedy has inherited the family speed as indicated by his run-away victory in the Fulham Park Plate, 4 furlongs, first juvenile event of Adelaide's 1948-49 season. Just before competing in Plate he was sold for 3,000 guineas, highest price ever paid for a youngster in South Australia. Unlike his two brothers (both

browns) St. Comedy is a chestnut. Sire of the trio is Powerscourt, whose sire, The Night Patrol, won good races in Melbourne.

Traquette, dam of Powerscourt, was a brilliant mare and it is little wonder the Comedy trio can gallop. They were bred by brothers, Melville and Hiram Bowyer of Normanville stud who bought Powerscourt for £80 and Witty Maid for £50. This reads more like a fictional story than a statement of facts. St. Comedy's new owner is A. J. Lee. The breeders attached a clause to sale that they have the right to re-purchase St. Comedy at the end of his racing career for stud purposes.

Incidentally the Lee family is also interested in St. Comedy's brothers. A. J. Lee purchased Comedy Prince two years ago for 2,100 guineas and the following year his sons, Bob, Jack and Mert, paid 2,300 guineas for Comic Court. These owners have had a great run of success with sons of Witty Maid and the youngest brother, according to Adelaide good judges, looks like proving superior to both his immediate relatives.



A fine picture of the main South Coast Road of N.S.W.

When the Kittens Sit Up...and Purr

IN THE WORLD-WIDE fraternity of Playboys most members disagree with the aforementioned formulas for making their Kittens sit up and purr, "D-a-r-l-e-e-n-g!" As far as they're concerned, the zoot route to a woman's ticker is through her wardrobe. And they pay — through the nose! The small, super-exclusive New York East Side shops (where articles of feminine apparel, such as a flimsy nightgown, sell for 300 berries per) veritably vouch for this.

Let's look into the mouth of gift horse Robert Dash-dash. When he orders a batch of silky unmentionables and is asked if they are to go to Mrs. Dash-dash, the answer is, "No, send them to Miss Mona Mayfair and enclose a card reading, 'Love, Bobsy'."

The employees of these shops are used to such spending sprees by married males and refrain from arching eyebrows when one sends silky tokens of affection to someone other than his Missus.

Discreet Negligee

One of the better-known of these plush establishments is the City and Suburban Shop, which nestles comfortably in the neighbourhood of the Waldorf-Astoria. Aside from catering to the wealthy hotel quests, it specialises in the discreet negligee trade with the world's richest Playboys.

Our old friend Tommy Manville, for instance, has bought many of the shop's scented unmentionables for the Manville Sorority. One of the City and Suburban legends relates that Tommy strolled in one day with a rather nondescript and melancholy ma'mselle. He brought the love light to her eyes in a jiffy by ordering eight dresses, all of which had to undergo alterations. Two days later a troubled Tommy phoned the shop and told them to hold up work on the dresses — temporarily. It seems he and the young-lady-of-the-moment had had a slight disagreement.

The following week Tommy phoned again. He was happy. "You can continue work on those dresses," he caroled. "They are for someone else, but the alterations are okay. She has the same measurements."

South Americans, good neighbours that they are, seem to be the most liberal spenders when it comes to dressing their dolls. They'll peel off yards and yards of dinero for trinkets they present to any gal-about-town who happens to catch their fancy, be she in the chorus of a Broadway show or a hash-slinger in Max's Beanery. When the gay caballeros from below the border are pierced by Cupid's dart they become infected with a malady which has become known as Easy-go.

The gals and gauchos had been total strangers up until a few hours before. They had become acquainted at luncheon and the newly-"mades" naturally offered to conduct the boys on a night-seeing tour of town. As a sort of gesture of appreciation they gave the gals carte blanche at the shop. Which turned out to be a 1,400 dollar wardrobe each.

An Indian prince, who must have an awful lot of girl friends in Bombay, has the happy habit of inviting his feminine friends to select anything their little hearts desire in the way of expensive finery.

Once accompanied by a Jane Russellish jane, he approached stylist Pauline Turner and said, "Just a casual acquaintance, but isn't she lovely? Give her anything she wants." The lovely thing "wanted" 1,200 dollars worth of lingerie. And got it.

Texas Angel

While the Latins visiting Manhattan appear most obliging in the matter of writing cheques to win feminine hearts, there's a Houston oil magnate who could cop an Oscar for playing Santa. This Texas angel, with a heart of gold and purse to match, flies to Gotham weekly in his own plane just to shop for his sweeties. He usually is equipped with a hundred-item gift list, which he

carries from shop to shop, his spurs digging into the choice broadloom and clerks scurrying in his wake.

When Tex takes off there's always close to a 10,000 dollar cargo aboard. There certainly must be a well-dressed harem somewhere deep in the heart of Texas.

Glamor Puss

A glamor-puss, the current favourite of a visiting foreign financier, now spends hours trying to determine what jewelery to wear with what frock or gown. Salesgirls well remember when she first shopped with her Kris Kringle. 'Cause those were her rag doll days apparent to the experienced eye of people who serve all kinds of folk.

Yep, these cunning cuties may possess the wardrobe of Daisy Mae when they enter the smart shops but, thanks to the free-spending "Payboys," when they come out they look like Harper's Bazaar ads.

—Igor Cassini in "Saturday Home Magazine" (U.S.A.).

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY

THERE were 55 people with incomes of over £100,000 in the United Kingdom in the year 1946-47, three more than in the previous year.

But a million and a quarter fewer people paid income tax than in the previous year, thanks to increased allowances. Payers numbered 12,250,000.

The total income of the 55 was assessed last September at £9,699,747.

The number of individuals entirely relieved from tax by the operation of allowances was 6,250,000. It was 5,000,000 in the previous year.

People who payed tax through P.A.Y.E. numbered 17,250,000, as in the previous year, but were taxed only £400,000,000 instead of £594,000,000, although their remuneration had jumped from £4,143,000,000 to £4,600,000,000.

Dizzy Times Ahead for Tyro Golfer

Harry Hopkins told me yesterday he was taking up golf.

How little he knows.

No one ever takes up golf.

Golf takes people up by the scruff of the neck, whirls them round, gets them dizzy, throws them down, jumps on them and kicks them in the pants for good measure.

But that is nothing against the game.

Rather it is something in its favour.

JUST think of all the people you know who would be improved by neck-scruffing, whirling round, throwing down and pants kicking.

And those are the people to whom golf does just that.

Nothing can take the egotism out of that cocky bloke who has "succeeded" in life—by his own unaided efforts, as he will tell you, with or without provocation—better than a full-blooded swing at a golf ball which remains unhit.

The sensation of seeing the ball 25 ft. 6 inches from the pin after an approach shot from 26 feet out does him a lot of good, too, and the missed 2 ft. putt pulls him down to earth in a highly satisfactory manner.

Have you ever watched him, that stuffed shirt of a little blighter who believes the world was made just for him and is honoured because he deigns to tread on it?

Do you remember his furtive look around to see if anyone noticed that miss?

Do you remember seeing him surreptitiously kicking his ball from behind that tuft of grass?

Do you remember the glee with which you drew attention to his mathematical shortcomings, to his inability to count past six?

Of course, you do.

And do you remember that, with few exceptions, that kind of bloke has outgrown his miserable outlook, or at least learnt enough to hide it?

That's one of the effects golf has on people.

Not all people. There are some who could never be honest or good sports, whatever happened to them.

Most of us come good.

It's a funny thing, though, that, although golf is a great deflater of the ego, it is also the only game at which every player suffers delusions of grandeur.

That might sound a bit exaggerated, but it isn't.

Just think for a minute.

Think of all the games you know.

Think of billiards and cricket and bowls and tennis and badminton and bridge and anything else you can think of.

Does every billiards player go into ecstasies of disappointment because he can't do as well as Lindrum?

Does every batsman expect to make a Bradman score every time he goes to the wicket?

Does every tennis player who hops on to a suburban court with his badly cut shorts and his wife as captain, coach, cutie and extra handicap expect to volley, serve and drive like Bromwich, Parker and Co.?



Does every bowler expect to put down every ball with the exact strength and judgment of green of a champion?

Does every bridge player expect to be a Culbertson and every badminton player expect to be as good as the best badminton player, whoever he or she is?

Of course, they don't.

But every man who ever took any kind of a golf club into his hands and smacked at any kind of a golf ball feels—and displays—disappointment, rancor, astonishment and disbelief every time he fails to equal par.

And par is designed to represent what champions should do.

So Harry Hopkins is "taking up" golf, this arrogant game, this adjuster of egoisms and introverts.

Well, well, this game will take up Harry Hopkins.

It will take him up to the heavens of delight—occasionally—and drive him to the depths of despair—frequently.

He'll learn what it is to have his right hand too far under, what it is to slice and top, and how a hook can be a barb in the flesh.

He'll read advice and misapply it.

He'll curse himself, his clubs, the course, his wife and his opponent.

He'll take lessons from the pro. and assuredly accuse him — behind his back — of spoiling his game.

He'll neglect his garden, he'll neglect his business, he'll put up with—and resent—all the jibes and jeers about air-shots and near-misses.

He'll bore his friends until it is a miracle he has any.

He may acquire a certain amount of skill. He'll certainly think he has.

He'll strive to get his handicap down and then curse the handicapper if he does.

He'll do all these things, but, being a normal, pigheaded kind of bloke, he'll never give up golf while he can hobble.

Golf will have "taken him up."

(Author's note: My handicap is 12 clubs, big ideas, a heavy bag and 27 strokes in 18 holes.)

Most Important Problem

WHAT do I consider the most important research problem in the world to-day? My answer to that is simple: "To find out why grass is green."

It is the green in grass, in leaves, and in plants which has brought to us from the sun, all the energy we have. Some little engine in the green of grass and leaf has the gift, unknown to man, of capturing energy from the sun's rays, storing that energy, building with it. Thence came, in ages past, all the heat and power now stored in coal, in wood, in oil, in natural gas. Solve that secret, and we shall know how to take power from the sun. If we knew that secret we could build engines to transform enough radiation from the sun into heat or chemical energy or electricity to run our machinery.—Charles F. Kettering, Director of General Motors Research.

The Aga Khan Talks on Racing and Breeding

Charles Graves, turf writer for London "Evening Standard," asked the Aga Khan various questions on horse-racing and horse-breeding. Here is the story, in part.

"PROPAGANDA to stop racing of two-year-olds is cheap bunkum; I repeat, cheap bunkum," the Aga Khan said. "Fairway, one of the greatest stallions ever produced, raced in May as a two-year-old. So did Mumtaz Mahal, granddam of a Derby winner and great-granddam of Migoli and Masaka. I could name you many more.

"If colts or fillies are naturally early to hand and want to run it is silly to hold them back artificially. You might just as well try to make a boy walk on his toes in order to grow tall. You must trust your trainer."

Then I asked the Aga Khan for his comments about the way French race-horses have been carrying all before them.

"The present French supremacy will right itself," he said. "The progeny of Bois Roussel and Vatellor (through My Love and Pearl Diver) will see to that in the near future.

"If I myself were to breed specially to provide the winner of the Gold

Cup I would take at least two strains of staying blood through the line of Gainsborough or Hyperion or Son-in-Law or Vatellor—mating the stallion with a mare by Nearco or some other fashionable sire."

So far as French horses were concerned, the difference between 1948 and 1936, when he had last previously won the Derby, was fundamental.

"In 1936," he said, "very few French horses were entered for the English Classics. Now practically every French owner with a good stud automatically enters his yearlings for them. Out of every hundred entered at Weatherby's on either side of the Channel many are rubbish, quite impossible in fact. Of the remainder an equal number are French or English.

"Going by the law of averages therefore, it is possible for the French to win the Derby for the next ten years just as it is possible for the English to do so.

"You must remember that there are many famous strains which are much rarer in England than in France — the Dollar blood (Dollar went to France in 1860), the Monarch blood, the Hermit blood, the Ksar blood, the St. Simon blood — which suddenly came to life with Vatout, a biological curiosity that produced three Derby winners."

The Aga Khan, expert as he is on breeding, recognises that it is still unpredictable.

"Of all modern Oaks winners," he said, "only Brownhylda produced a Classics winner—though Udaipur produced a Gold Cup winner. Otherwise Lord Astor would have won the Derby on various occasions.

"As it is, you can spend your whole life thinking about breeding, but the result is always speculative, which makes it so interesting. If this were not so all a rich man need do would be to mate the winner of the Derby with the winner of the Oaks and win all the Classics with the progeny.

"On the other hand, the grand-daughters of Oaks winners often do

well. Look at Sceptre and Pretty Polly."

He summed up his opinions about breeding in these words:

"The horse which most nearly approximates to the perfect breeding according to what you call my cock-tail formula was Mon-Talisman, who won the French Derby. But to be successful as the breeder of race-horses you must use every opportunity which science puts at your disposal—and then trust to luck."

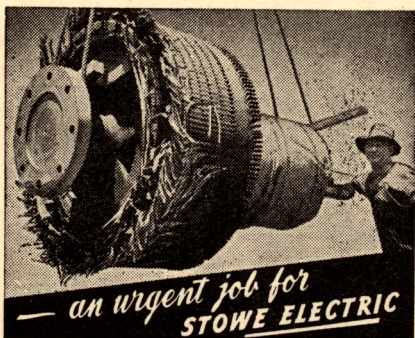
WILL FYFFE—£53,295

WILL FYFFE, the comedian, who died last December, has left £53,295, death duty £8,490.

He made no public bequests, all his property passing to his widow and three daughters, except his fishing gear, which goes to an old friend.

He was a shareholder in the company owning the Russack's Marine Hotel, St. Andrews, where he was recuperating from an illness when he had a fatal fall from a window.

Footnote: Money left by other well-known comedians: Harry Champion, £80,000; Billy Bennett, £38,784; Dan Leno, £10,994; Gus Elen, £10,755.



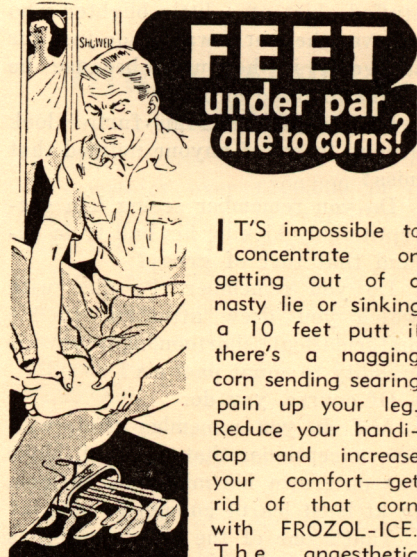
ORGANISED FOR Unified Control of ELECTRICAL SERVICES

- New Installations and Contracting.
- Maintenance and Electrical Equipment Repair.
- Manufacturing.

Whatever your electrical requirements—no matter how tough the repair job—write or phone

STOWE ELECTRIC PTY. LTD.,
2-6 DRUITT PLACE, SYDNEY.

'Phone: MA 6671 (4 lines).

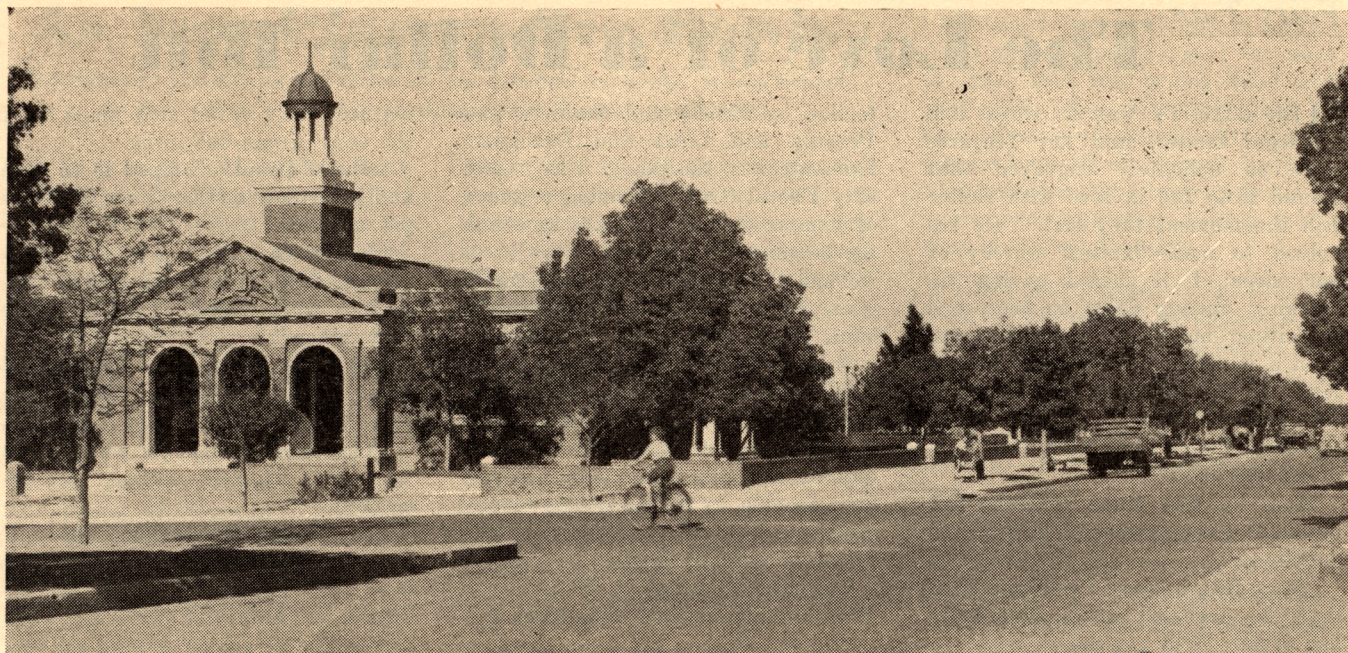


IT'S impossible to concentrate on getting out of a nasty lie or sinking a 10 feet putt if there's a nagging corn sending searing pain up your leg. Reduce your handicap and increase your comfort—get rid of that corn with FROZOL-ICE. The anaesthetic action of Frozol-Ice

works fast—a few drops and pain disappears—your corn will start to wither up—work loose and then you can lift it out with your fingers, core and all. Buy FROZOL-ICE from the 1st Floor Club Store or any chemist—price 1/6.

Frozol-Ice

Distributing Agents: Clinton Williams Pty. Ltd.



No traffic problem here—not even a traffic cop. Scene shows the Court House at Griffith Irrigation Area and portion of Banna Avenue.

Barbed Wire and All That

FOR TWO years Allied correspondents have been trying to get a word with Marshal Sokolovsky. But the way is long and the only word, so far, is Nyet—No. Summarised, I found that the way was 20 miles and five days long, and that Sokolovsky was beset by three sets of barbed wire, a crowd of liaison officers, and the Kremlin's final defence against free information — Nyet (writes Brian Connell in London "Daily Mail"):

2.30 p.m. FRIDAY: BARBED WIRE BARRIER NO. 1.—A little Russian sentry with a red flag and a tommy-gun waved me to a stop. I said "Marshal Sokolovsky," very firm and purposeful-like.

3.10 p.m.—BARRIER NO. 2 (concentric, barbed wired and fenced).—More arguments; another half-hour's telephoning; again waved through—to the duty officer.

3.40 to 4.30—Duty officer talk German and is also very handy on the telephone. But after half an hour he turns to me and says: "The Marshal is out with his staff at Babelsberg (Russian H.Q., near Potsdam), but if you will come back to-morrow I will take you to him."

SATURDAY, 9.30 a.m. — BACK

AT BARRIER NO. 1.—Another sentry; another red flag; another half-hour's telephoning. My hopes rise as a smart B.M.W. car drives up alongside with a Russian officer, who motions me to follow him.

10.0 a.m.—Ushered before an impeccably uniformed major, who could star in "Anna Karenina."

He begins telephoning, and ends up talking to the Marshal's adjutant. To the surprise of the major and myself, I am invited to submit a written questionnaire.

11 a.m.—"I will ring you and tell you the result," says the handsome major, and takes my telephone number. (While he isn't looking, I take his.)

SATURDAY to MONDAY. — Silence. I get no call.

TUESDAY, 9.30 a.m.—I get into my car again, drive all the way to Karlshorst again, and, astonishingly enough, see the handsome major again.

Unsmiling faces and a stern Nyet. "The Marshal," says the major, "will not answer the questions."

Me: Will the major step out for a meal with me after all the trouble he has taken?

A wary look comes into his eyes. "We work very late," he says, "but in principle I agree, I will let you know."

He hasn't—and his phone was engaged all day to-day.

City Mutual Fire Insurance

Company Limited.

Head Office:

95 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Fire, Accident and Sickness, Workers' Compensation, House-owners' and Household's Comprehensive Insurance, Public Risk, Burglary, Fidelity Guarantee, Plate Glass, Motor Car, Loss of Profits.

ACTIVE AGENTS REQUIRED IN
CITY AND SUBURBS.

H. V. REYNOLDS,

Managing Director.

The Love of a Dollar Bill

HER BEAUTY was so warm and legal tender, and her features were so delicately engraved that Pound Note fell in love with Dollar Bill the moment they met. He resolved to make himself worthy of her, even if it meant giving up smoking, cutting down on beer, and forfeiting most of his pleasures, even if it meant hard work and saving. So he set out to become a pleasanter, more positive, more powerful Pound than he'd ever been in his life before.

Then the day came when he felt stable and secure enough to pop the question.

"Miss Bill, or may I call you Dollar?" he crackled in his solid English style. "Will you marry me?"

"Can't think why not," Dollar replied. "I guess you're as good as any other form of currency. And I do kinda like you at that," she smiled.

Without wasting any further time, the two of them were married — and what a wedding it was, too, at-

tended by Marks and Guilders and Pesetas and Liras and Drachmas from all over the place, with nearly fifty Postal Orders forming a guard of honour outside the safe in which the ceremony took place.

Then, after an unforgettable moneyhoon, they settled down in the bank which was to be their home.

Everything went along just fine for some time, and they were both very, very happy. Then, one day when Pound returned home after a hard day at the till, Dollar gave a shy little crackle, at the same time blushing the colour of a ten spot.

"Oh, Pound darling—"

"Yes, dear, what is it?"

"I don't know how to tell you."

"Go on, Dollar, my love, what is it?"

"Well, I'm going to have — or rather, we're going to have — a coin."

"No!" gasped Pound; not knowing whether to jump or shout or scream or what.

"Oh, Dollar darling, how wonderful."

From that day on it was a period of great excitement for them both. Dollar passed away the time by knitting purses, and Pound spent his hours speculating as to whether it would be a penny or a cent. Naturally, his wife hoped for a cent, but

neither really cared very much what the coin turned out to be.

Lots of people dropped in to chat and give their advice when the news got around.

"I do think coins are so full of interest," Mrs. Franc told Dollar. Especially when they're at the three per cent. stage."

But Lady Fiver, who already had three coins serving in the Income Tax, was more sarcastic.

"They'll only take it away from you when it gets older," she remarked.

Still, Pound and Dollar paid very little heed to those exchanges—they were far too busy planning for the future, and dreaming of the day when they would be sitting around the fire, surrounded by their small change.

At last the great day came when Dollar was rushed to the Mint, and poor Pound was left to flutter up and down nervously in front of the vault. He folded and unfolded out of sheer excitement for hours and hours before an attractive young cheque bounced out with the good news.

"I am pleased to inform you," she smiled, "that you are the father of five beautiful cents."

Well, to cut the story short, they named them P, E, A, C and E. They were always an optimistic couple.

—Malcolm Lynch in "London Opinion."



WIND, sun and strain leave the eyes very sore and bloodshot after an afternoon at the course or links. Just put two drops of Murine in each eye and get quick relief. Murine's seven special ingredients wash away irritation . . . your eyes feel and look refreshed and soothed. Next time you're at the Club Barber Shop ask for a free trial treatment of Murine. . . . Then you're sure to want to buy a bottle from the 1st Floor Store or any chemist—price 3/-.



Distributing Agents: Clinton Williams Pty. Ltd.

The Care of an Estate

THE care of an Estate demands not only integrity and specialised knowledge, but organised facilities to ensure daily attention to all matters affecting its interests. Such organised attention by specially trained staff, working under the constant supervision of the Management, and a Board of Directors of wide experience is provided by Perpetual Trustee Company (Limited).

Call or write for particulars of the Company's service.

PERPETUAL TRUSTEE Company Limited

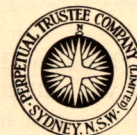
DIRECTORS:

Hon. T. A. J. PLAYFAIR, M.L.C., Chairman; E. R. KNOX; ALLEN C. LEWIS;
Hon. J. P. ABBOTT, M.H.R.; D. R. LYSAGHT; SAMUEL HORDERN.
H. V. DOUGLASS, Managing Director.

A. G. ARMYTAGE, Manager.

Executor and Trustee, Agent under Power of Attorney
for Absentees and others, Administrator, etc.

33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY



As Non-Players See Bowls

The following provides an illustration of how outsiders see bowls. It was written by that doyen of English sporting scribes Bernard McElwaine.

AT noon to-day 24 bowlers from Kent and Essex uncrossed their fingers, blessed the greenkeeper at Clay Hall Park, looked anxiously at the overcast skies, and proceeded to open the bowls season with a six-rink county match.

The match was, in a sense, a canter before the Middleton Cup fixtures which begin in June. Essex, for example, were using the friendly for selection purposes, to seek talent for their coming meeting with Cambridgeshire—the winners meet the survivors of the Norfolk-Suffolk struggle.

Experts told me—and every bowls watcher is an expert—that the rain had made the green heavy. "Can get but little draw," they said. I padded around after spry Mr. Wadsworth, the Essex secretary, who, while not playing himself, watched his men like a Dutchman dealing with diamonds. "Form may not be true on this green," he confessed worriedly, "but we want to pick the best possible players for the serious fixtures to come."

Tic-Tac Wavings

Mr. Wadsworth was not at all alarmed about the coming visits of the South Africans and the Americans. "Played against tourists from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada . . . don't recall the Americans being here before."

I gathered he was more concerned with the immediate threat from Kent. He had good reason to be. At 15 ends Essex were 13 down, but largely through Clay Hall's own rink under captain Gordon Crowe a storming finish brought victory, 123—117.

All six rinks presented a familiar pleasant picture, with blazers, flannels and straws. A few players, perhaps, creaked just a wee bit more than last year after months off the green, but unchanged were the mysterious tic-tac wavings to warn a rink-mate of the dangers lurking around the distant jack, given with all the deadly seriousness attendant on piloting an ocean giant into port.

There were no changes, too, in the wriggles, the bees-in-the-breeches

contortions, the pleading, begging expressions, that followed bowls on their course. Hope is strong in every bowls man; they all believe that once it has sped from the hand it can be directed by body bias.

Like a High Diver

I noticed that several brilliant bowlers, like John Wilson — eight times an international and former England captain — have almost mastered "wriggling." Years of experience have convinced them that dancing bear tactics are useless; they remain tense and obviously control the urge to do the dancing act.

Although they say bowls is becoming a young man's game, I feel that the real skill lies in the head and that's why the older ones last so long. Kent had a comparative youngster on view—G. R. Manser, fortyish, a papermaker, who took up bowls to while away the time waiting for a turn at the cricket nets.

Unlike the expressive mobility of some of his mates, he displayed an icy calm, taking his place on the mat like a high diver standing poised on a springboard. When the bowl left his hand he stood stock still like a pointer, an unusual bowler, to be sure.

And, finally, a random thought on bowls which came to mind here this afternoon . . . what a body-bias player Carmen Miranda would make.

BIGGER
BETTER
SMARTER

THE NEW
Klipper
WOOL TIE

4/3
THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Made from a Vicers Wool Fabric

1908 Turf Law Challenge

KNOwn as "The Bookmakers' Charter," a legal decision made in 1908 is to be the subject of an appeal to the House of Lords.

The 1908 decision enabled a bookmaker to go to law if, at the request of a defaulting punter, he had agreed not to report the matter to Tattersall's Committee.

Yesterday, leave to appeal to the Lords was given to Mr. Tom Hill, licensee of the Chequers Inn, Cutnall Green (Worcester), against a judgment of £700, with costs, in respect of a betting debt.

The judgment was given last July in favour of William Hill (Park Lane) Ltd. West End bookmakers.

A Fresh Bargain

Mr. Justice Hallett then held that Mr. Hill made a fresh bargain with the bookmakers to pay, provided they refrained from taking steps which would lead to his being reported to Tattersall's Committee, posted as a defaulter, and warned off the Turf.

Mr. Cyril Salmon, K.C., for Mr. Hill, now said the court was bound

by the 1908 decision, and he could only ask their lordships to dismiss the present appeal. Mr. Tom Hill then proposed to go to the House of Lords and ask them to review the 1908 decision.

The Lord Chief Justice (Lord Goddard) dismissing the appeal, said: "As we think it is a case worthy of further consideration, we give leave to appeal to the House of Lords."

Lords Justices Tucker and Evershed concurred.

HANDBALL IN FULL SWING

GETTING off to a good start with Secretary Peter Lindsay keeping after the players to see that they play their matches on time, the Handball Club's first competition of the season is in full swing.

Many excellent games have been keenly contested and there have been very few forfeits. It will not be long before the second rounds are being played and this tournament should be ended in near record time.

The champions are not allowed to play in the tourney so that the players who are getting some good match practice will have the edge on the stars when the championships commence.

Results of first round matches played so far are:—W. Hannan (owes 6) beat G. McGilvray (owes 12) 31-25; G. L. Boulton (5) beat E. T. Penfold (scratch) 42-40; A. R. McCamley (2) beat N. Barrell (9) 31-25; J. Shaffran (10) beat A. K. Webber (15) 31-25; C. B. Phillips (10) beat S. B. Solomon (10) 31-26; L. Silk (15) beat D. Normoyle (12) 31-29; N. P. Murphy (6) beat C. Hoole (12) 31-25; H. E. Davis (12) beat E. C. Thompson (12) 31-25; B. Partridge (owes 12) forfeit from A. J. Moverley (owes 8).

TWO notices posted outside the Town Hall at Munster in Germany:—

One offers 2,000 marks (£50) for information leading to the arrest of a murderer.

The other offers 3,000 marks reward for the return of a stolen spare tyre.

—"Daily Herald."

JUST A GOAT

BARRY PRICE, who had spent half a lifetime chasing ghosts died in London this month. Price declared that hundreds of well-educated and well-to-do men and women in all parts of London constantly worshipped the devil. Black magic, sorcery, and witchcraft, he said were practised in London on a scale and with a freedom undreamed of in the Middle Ages.

Twice in 1932 Price tested a witches' formula for changing a goat into a handsome young man. He held the ceremony at the top of Brocken Mountain in Germany. A maiden, "pure in heart and dressed only in a white robe"; the he-goat; and a professor were brought together. Incantations were uttered in the moonlight. The goat was smeared with black blood, soot, scrapings from a church bell and honey. The goat was shrouded. Red wine was poured over it. Then the maiden whisked off the sheet. And nothing happened. The goat stayed a goat.



A FEW DROPS of Velmol rubbed through the hair in the morning and you can forget it for the rest of the day—you'll be as smart and well groomed at five as you were at nine. Velmol gives your hair that natural, healthy lustre so unlike the "concrete-board" effect of greasy, gummy brilliantines and fixatives. Buy a bottle of Velmol from the 1st Floor Club Store or any chemist—price, 2/3.

VELMOL

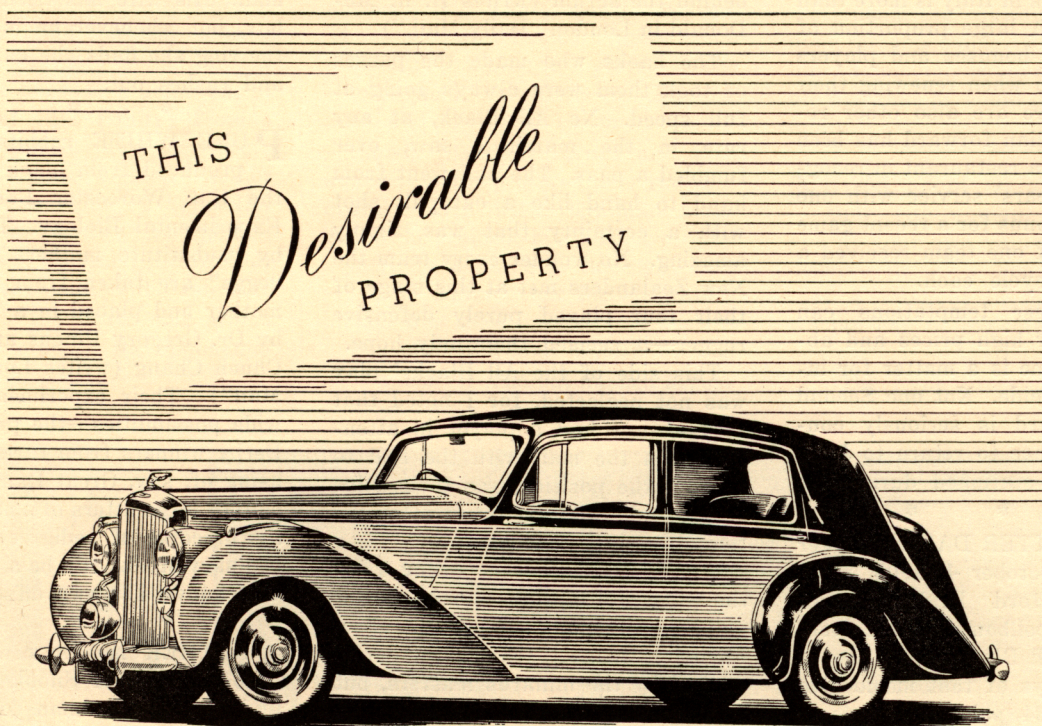
Distributing Agents: Clinton Williams Pty. Ltd.

Be immaculately dressed by London's tailors... Richards have regular supplies coming forward of fine English clothes for men and women.



47 CASTLEREAGH STREET,
SYDNEY.

(Cnr. Rowe and Castlereagh Sts.)
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S OUTFITTERS.



*The Silent Sports Car
Produced by Rolls-Royce*

BENTLEY

MARK VI 4¼ LITRE

Among connoisseurs of fine cars Bentley has always enjoyed a unique reputation, one founded not merely on its high performance but also upon the way in which this is attained — brilliantly and unobtrusively, in a typically British manner.

In the post war, 4¼ litre, Mark VI Bentley, Rolls-Royce has enriched even this reputation, has made this unique British car even more than ever a "desirable property"

YORK MOTORS PTY. LTD.

(Inc. in Vic.)

Accredited New South Wales Distributors for
ROLLS-ROYCE and BENTLEY

101-111 WILLIAM STREET, SYDNEY. FA6621

Around the World in Sport

AVERAGE Football wage of top-class players in Italy is more than £60 a month. A large proportion of this is paid in bonuses and players get a lump sum when renewing their contracts. There are also other rewards. One Italian forward has been presented with a restaurant in recognition of 11 years' service with one club. And as bonus for a recent game the members of one team received a midget motor-cycle each.

Whether these temptations can compensate for high prices and absence from home is a matter for individuals to decide. Not one Second Division forward is seriously considering a chance to return to Italy where he was stationed during the war. * * *

MY RED-LETTER DAY at Rugged came on October 4, 1905, when on the Stamford Bridge soccer ground I sat spellbound as the ever-famous first All Blacks gave one of the best displays of that memorable tour, scoring 34 points (five goals and three tries) to nil against Middlesex. No rugby team, international or club, which I had seen before or since so completely sugges-

ted the perfect machine, especially behind the scrum (writes H. R. McDonald in London "Daily Mail.")

The backs who made the passes or took them were always going at full speed. No All Black, at any rate in the match I saw, ever fumbled a pass. The ball went from hand to hand like a catapult shot with a certainty that was simply amazing. No wonder every team the New Zealanders met at this stage of their tour played purely defensive rugby—it seemed their only hope.

This side of the All Blacks' play was not neglected, for I noted that they always had a player in attendance on the man with the ball to "ensure the position," as their skipper, David Gallaher, wrote after the tour, "against accident."

I have seen great accuracy from the feet of professional soccer players, the unerring touch of a Lacoste at lawn tennis, wonderful control by the billiards masters, but nothing to touch this uncanny rhythm of men with an egg-shaped ball hurtling through the air.

WHILE THE standard of county cricket seems to be at its lowest for a long time the Australians' visit has meant a boom season financially. There are big crowds and increased receipts everywhere they go. Mr. Keith Johnson, their manager, told me that at Worcester, the Australians' share in 1938 was £520, this year £1,307. At Cambridge the figure jumped from £301 to £901; at Southend from £661 to £1,167; at the Oval £983 to £1,620; and at Lord's for the M.C.C. match from £1,655 to £3,137. In the first eight games the Australians' total share of gates was more than £10,000. Only decrease was in the Yorkshire match. In 1938 the Australians played only one county game there and it was after the third Test. Their share then was £1,759 compared with £535 at Bradford this year. * * *

LESNEVICH HAS a high regard for the English. He trained at Brighton for his first fight with Mills and was delighted by the way everyone made him feel at home. Lesnevich

is a fond parent and good family man. His wife has tried to see him box, but whenever he is called into the ring she finds she cannot face it and rushes out. * * *

PURE WHITE rabbits are being produced from black mothers by the U.S. Worcester Foundation of Experimental Biology. This is done by "substitute mothers." Fertilised "eggs" are taken from the original mother and placed in a host-mother by Dr. Gregory Pincus and Dr. Min-Chueh Chang (writes London "Daily Mail"). Their experiments point to wide possibilities—the production of Derby winners from farm mares, the using of, say, Great Dane bitches to mother large litters of smaller breeds, the breeding of pedigree cattle from ordinary stock. It'll be a wise mother who knows her own offspring. * * *

ANOTHER master century-maker, Joe Davis, of Snooker fame, has invited Don Bradman to a game of snooker at his London home. "He's no novice at the game, either," says Joe. —From Vivien Jenkins, on the Spot.



When Hair Grows Thin

Promote new growth with McMahon's Hair Restorer . . . easy to apply, economical and pleasant to use. McMahon's Hair Restorer is quickly effective in cases of falling hair, baldness, alopecia patches, scalp dryness. Excellent for dandruff, which goes in a few applications. Harmless to the most delicate skin. Use McMahon's, too, for keeping the hair lustrous and soft.

Obtainable from Chemists, Hair-dressers and Stores.

Wholesale: Craig & Aitken Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

McMahon's
GUARANTEED

HAIR RESTORER



Tattersall's Club

SPECIALY IMPORTED
HOUSE WHISKY
(HIGHLAND NECTAR)

Produce of Scotland

BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION
OF THE COMMONWEALTH CUSTOMS

The Quality never varies

ENGLISH R.U. footballer writes:

The anomaly of a dropped goal scoring four points as against a try three points, had troubled many lovers of the game, specially when it was borne in mind that the scoring of a try is the main object of the game and the necessary achievement before a goal (five points) from a try can be scored. The legislators should have gone a step farther by reducing the value of a penalty goal from three points to two points, as it has always seemed unfair that a penalty goal should enable one side to draw with the other side which had actually crossed its opponents' line and scored a try.

BABE RUTH, America's greatest baseball batsman, was at the plate when they began to barrack him. The pitcher hurled the first ball. He missed it. The crowd roared. The second hissed past him into the catcher's glove. The fans howled their derision. Another miss and he would be out.

Slowly the Babe turned and with amused contempt looked over the vast crowd. Then with Olympian arrogance he raised his left arm and pointed to a place in the right field stand so distant that the spectators looked like flies.

The pitcher wound himself up and shot a sizzler. The bat flashed across

the sky. The ball soared, hung over the spot to which the great man had pointed and fell unerringly into its appointed place.

As usual the "Sultan of Swat" had done the impossible. But what proved him the incomparable master of them all was that he could do it again and again.

NEVER adopt an apologetic attitude with woman. She will take you at your own valuation—and you deserve it. . . . The humble spirit—is a washout in matrimony. No woman can be expected to stand up against it.—Agatha Christie in "Parker Pyne Investigates."



In June, 1947, we gave details of Sydney artist, Jack Earle, and party, who were setting off on board the ketch Kathleen to circumnavigate the globe—the first attempt ever by Australians and the first ever in such a craft. They are now nearing home after succeeding in their quest. They will pull up anchor in New Zealand at the end of this month on the last leg of the trip.

CHICAGO WAS TOO GOOD

"TOO GOOD is no good." So goes an old saying on the East Side of New York, and from the same East Side comes the story of Chicago, the pinochle player.

Chicago probably has the best pinochle mind between Avenue A and the Golden Gate. At a single sitting, he once won 16,000 dollars for a backer named Schermerhorn, for which he got the usual 10 per cent. But that was in the days when Chicago was a newcomer. Now, no man in his right mind will play him.

It isn't that Chicago is dishonest. He doesn't have to be. In fact, his scrupulousness is an East Side legend, and one of the reasons he is well liked by an army of loyal boosters.

But, what does it profit a man if he gains a whole world of recognition and can't make a buck? And Chicago has been buckless for quite a while now. There have been weeks when his only nourishment was the coffee and strudel some admirer bought him.

Not long ago, he approached Schermerhorn for a small loan. Instead of refusing like a gentleman, the Dutchman began to bellow, "Why should I give ya dough? Whadam I, ya mudda?"

Embarrassed, Chicago reminded: "I won sixteen thousand dollars for ya once, rememba?"

"Ya got what was comin', dincha?" yelled Schermerhorn. "I don' owe ya nuttin'. Take a walk, ya bum."

Chicago's face turned the colours of a Goldwyn ballet. He had never asked for money before. As he walked away, the Dutchman taunted. "If ya need dough, dig up a player. I'll still back ya."

This was supposed to be a joke, but nobody laughed. Jackie Fine, one of Chicago's admirers, came up to Schermerhorn. "If I'm Chicago," he informed him, "I spit right in yer eye."

That night Chicago didn't have room money, and Jackie took him

home with him. "Ya can bunk in my place as long as ya wants ter," he told him. "Somebody should straighten out that fat Dutchman."

"Somebody probably will," said Chicago.

A few nights later, Big Tony and one of his toughies walked into the coffee house. "Don't get nervous," he said to the proprietor. "This is a friendly visit. Anybody want to play a little pinochle?"

"I'll play ya," said Chicago, "if someone'll back me."

"I'll back 'im fer five hundred," said Schermerhorn, "or five thousand, if ya feel like spreadin' yaself."

"Okay," said Tony. "Get up the five grand. I can't put up fer botha us."

"Ya get yer regular ten per cent," Schermerhorn said to Chicago.

The other players laid down their hands and crowded around the table. "I got 50 bucks says Chicago'll win," said Jackie Fine.

"Yer faded," said Tony, "an' if

J. A. D. GIBSON & Company Pty. Limited

**364-372 KENT STREET,
SYDNEY.**

Specialists in Bulk Supplies
of First Grade Teas and
Coffees for over 40 years
to Clubs, Hotels, Cafes,
Restaurants, etc.

**Tea blended and Coffee
roasted daily in our
Warehouse.**

*Special Daily Delivery to all
parts of the City.*

**PRICES AND SAMPLES ON
APPLICATION.**

Telephone: M 2328 (3 lines).

ROSS BROTHERS PTY. LTD.

Established 1862.

545-7 KENT STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Telephone - - M 4955

Telegrams and Cables - - "Rossprint Sydney"

**GENERAL PRINTERS
STATIONERS
BOOK BINDERS**

**Labels and Cartons for all Purposes
PRINTED IN COLOURS — EMBOSSED — VARNISHED**

any other chicken-feed better wants to get down, I'll fade them too."

Chicago looked worried. "Take it easy," he said to his boosters. "Ya never can tell when th' cards'll get cold."

His fans paid no attention to this warning, and pooled 130 dollars which tony covered. "Like candy from a baby," said Jackie. "That fifty'll buy my missus the coat she's been bellyachin' about."

Chicago lit a cigarette. He seemed nervous. He looked at the faces of his friends. What he saw in them was complete trust and confidence. Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind about something and picked up the cards. From then on, he played like a machine—fluidly, flawlessly. He never once looked at his opponent. It was the old Chicago.

For a while Big Tony seemed puzzled. As Chicago's points mounted a look came over his face which wasn't pretty to see. When the game was over he said. "I pack in." Then he looked at Chicago and said, "Too good is no good—no good at all."

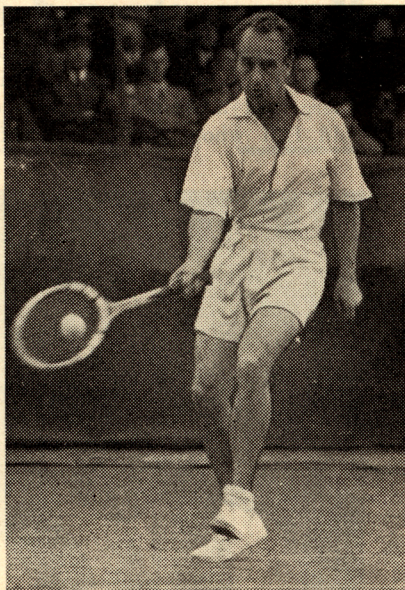
As Tony and his bodyguard walked out, Schermerhorn handed Chicago three 50-dollar bills.

"I get three hunnerd an' fifty more," Chicago objected.

"Ya get what I give ya," said the Dutchman. "Ain' a hunerd an' fifty a good night's pay fer a bum like you?"

For some reason Chicago didn't think it worth arguing about. He pocketed his money and left.

It was raining outside. As Chicago opened the door leading to the street,



We can feel justly proud of our member, Adrian Quist, who, as Captain of the Davis Cup Tennis Team, led his charges into the final against America.

his skinny figure was silhouetted by the drop-light in the hallway. He heard a car start up down the block, and ducked back. As he did, he collided with Schermerhorn.

"Wait a minute," yelled Chicago, grabbing the Dutchman's arm.

His backer shook him off. "Take a walk, ya bum. Ya got what was comin' to ya."

As Schermerhorn stepped outside, Chicago flattened himself against the wall. A car whizzed by and a Tommy-gun spluttered.

Chicago went outside and bent over the Dutchman. From the inside pocket of the dead man's coat, he withdrew a blood-soaked wallet with 12,000 dollars in it. He carefully counted off 350 dollars and replaced the wallet. Then he called the cops.

Jackie Fine told his wife about the murder when he got home.

"It couldn't have happened to a nicer fella," he said.

—By Billy Ross in London "Evening Standard."

They're Saying

I WANT to keep the Navy—I'm a warmonger; they want to send it for scrap—they are ironmongers.

—Winston Churchill.

* * *

WE spend four-fifths of our waking lives in getting the means to make life possible; we have only one-fifth left over for living. Consequently, we are shocking bad hands at the art of life through sheer lack of practice.

—Dr. C. E. M. JOAD.

* * *

THIS fate is the newly married sir's:

To think she's his, then find he's hers.

—S. H. Dewhurst in "Saturday Evening Post."

* * *

AN old farmer was talking to his hired man.

"I don't hold with all this new-fangled stuff they're teaching the kids in school nowadays," he said. "My kid came home the other day and said they taught him that the world was round."

"But the world is round," said the hired man.

"See there!" said the old farmer. "They've even got you believing it." —Dan Bennett in "Readers' Scope."

* * *

TO err is human, but it feels divine. —"American Freeman."

MAGAZINES

POSTED DIRECT TO YOU
FROM OVERSEAS.

Yearly Subscriptions, including all charges and postages:—

AMERICAN.

American Magazine, 25/-; American Home, 21/6; Better Homes and Gardens (two years only), 38/3; Coronet, 18/9; Colliers, 54/-; Esquire, 75/-; Good Housekeeping, 36/6; House and Garden, 48/-; Life (International Ed.), 49/-; Ladies' Home Journal, 39/6; Motor Boat, 22/-; Model Craftsman, 32/-; McCall's Magazine, 22/6; McCall's Advanced Styles, 20/-; National Geographic Mag., 37/6; Popular Science, 25/6; Popular Photography, 25/6; Popular Mechanics, 23/6; Ring, 25/6; Rudder, 33/9; Saturday Evening Post, 68/9; Science and Mechanics, 13/3; Woman's Home Companion, 22/6; Vogue, 105/-; Yachting, 41/3.

ENGLISH.

Child Education, 33/-; Courier, 55/-; Illustrated London News, 124/9; John O' London, 13/6; My Home, 14/6; Punch, 46/6; Reader's Digest, one year, 12/-; Reader's Digest, two years, 20/-; Stitchcraft, 15/-; Woman's Journal, 26/3; Woman and Home, 14/6.

The N.S.W. Bookstall Co. Pty. Ltd. can supply all overseas subscription magazines available to Australia. Let us know your requirements. Orders despatched by Air Mail. Please add Exchange to country cheques.

**N.S.W. BOOKSTALL COMPANY
PTY. LIMITED,**

**Market and Castlereagh Sts.,
SYDNEY.**

'Phone: M 4361.

— FOR —

MODERN PRINTING

at reasonable cost

contact . . .

"The Harbour"
**NEWSPAPER & PUBLISHING
CO. LTD.**

**120-124 Chalmers Street,
SYDNEY.**



Telephone: MX 1447 (4 lines).

Racing Fixtures

SEPTEMBER.

Tattersall's Club	SAT. 11
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 18
Hawkesbury Racing Club (Rosehill)	SAT. 25

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club	SAT. 2
Australian Jockey Club	MON. 4
Australian Jockey Club	WED. 6
Australian Jockey Club	SAT. 9
City Tattersall's Club	SAT. 16
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 23
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 30

NOVEMBER.

S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 6
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 13
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 20
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 27

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 4
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 11
Australian Jockey Club	SAT. 18
Australian Jockey Club	MON. 27

LONDON "STAR" cricket writer commented: Bradman began this tour in his old style and with his usual confidence, but recently he seems to have been troubled by the turning ball and by pace bowlers. But he still manages to get his famous quick single when he goes in to bat.

WILLIAM H. SELLEN

Printer and Typographer
240 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

Offering a specialised service in Letterpress and Offset Printing, Duplicating, Advertisement Setting, Mats, Stereos, Art Work, Etc.

RING M 3857 for SERVICE

Billiards and Snooker Tournaments 1948 Results

The 1948 Billiards and Snooker tournaments concluded in August again created wide interest among members.

By coincidence the final of the billiard section was fought out by the same members as in 1947—Messrs. Gersh Fienberg and Fred Vockler.

In the semi-finals Fred Vockler defeated L. J. Haigh by 20 while Fienberg had a 31 advantage over Harold Hill whom he conceded 50

points start. That is how the stage was set for the final contest.

The snooker final called for best two out of three games but as it panned out only two were necessary because the winner, J. H. Peoples, took the first from A. J. Chown 88-59 and the second 85-41.

In this game, as in the billiards, the players did not do themselves justice but the winner never left the issue in doubt. His potting and positional play were superior on the day.



By coincidence, winner and runner-up for second consecutive year, Messrs. Gersh Fienberg (left) and Fred Vockler.

SNOOKER.

G. Webster	Rec. 40	beat C. O. Chambers	Rec. 45	by 12
J. H. Peoples	" 45	" J. Harris	" 50	" 37
N. R. Plomley	" 35	" L. D. Tasker	" 45	" 21
A. J. Chown	" 25	" P. Roach	" 55	" 33

1st Semi-Final.

J. H. Peoples (45)	98/90	beat G. Webster (40)	76/58
--------------------	-------	----------------------	-------

2nd Semi-Final.

A. J. Chown (25)	78/66/99	beat N. R. Plomley (35)	73/69/63
------------------	----------	-------------------------	----------

Final.

J. H. Peoples (45)	88/85	beat A. J. Chown (25)	59/41
--------------------	-------	-----------------------	-------

BILLIARDS.

1st Semi-Final.

F. Vockler	Scratch	beat L. J. Haigh	Rec. 100	by 20
------------	---------	------------------	----------	-------

2nd Semi-Final.

G. Fienberg	Rec. 50	beat Harold Hill	Rec. 100	by 31
-------------	---------	------------------	----------	-------

Final.

G. Fienberg	Rec. 50	beat F. Vockler	Scratch	by 47
-------------	---------	-----------------	---------	-------

Members who are always at your service

Tattersall's Club,
Sydney

Victorian Club,
Melbourne

A. G. CONNOLLY

R 4 — RAILS RANDWICK — R 4

PADDOCK ALL OTHER COURSES

H. (BARNEY) FAY

R 10 — RAILS RANDWICK — R 10

PADDOCK ALL OTHER COURSES

Tattersall's Club,
Sydney

Victorian Club,
Melbourne

J. Hackett—K. Williams

Liberal Prices and Prompt Settlements.

Sufficient Address:
J. HACKETT, SYDNEY

Cable Address:
"HACKWILL," SYDNEY

NO REPLY — NO BUSINESS

HAROLD HILL

R 14 — RAILS RANDWICK — R 14

PADDOCK ALL OTHER COURSES

W. A. McDONALD

E7 — RANDWICK — E7

RAILS - - - ROSEHILL

FRONT ROW — Canterbury and Moorefield

Member of Tattersall's Club and Victorian Club

JACK MANDEL

Registered A.J.C., V.R.C.

RAILS :

RANDWICK — ROSEHILL — FLEMINGTON

Tattersall's Club,
Sydney

Victorian Club
Melbourne

A. J. MATTHEWS

Registered A.J.C. and V.R.C.

C3 — RANDWICK — C3

RAILS — S.T.C. COURSES

Doing business on registered
racecourses only

Sufficient Address - - - JOE MATTHEWS, SYDNEY

DOUBLES ON ALL MAJOR EVENTS

W. MULLIGAN

RAILS

RANDWICK (R 2), CANTERBURY AND ROSEHILL.

S. PETERS

R 13 — RAILS RANDWICK — R 13

Paddock — All Other Courses

Tattersall's Club,
Sydney

Victorian Club,
Melbourne

TOM POWELL

"Longshot"

E 6 — RANDWICK — E 6

Rails All Other Courses

DOUBLES ON ALL MAJOR EVENTS

TATTERSALL'S CLUB — SYDNEY

September Race Meeting

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

SATURDAY, 11th SEPTEMBER, 1948

Entries for the following races will be received by the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only, subject to the Rules of racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948; with £750 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race, a Mixed Stakes Race as a maiden horse; an Improvers' Race, Progressive Race, Moderate Race, or an Intermediate Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Provided that a winner, at time of starting, of a race or races for two-year-olds not exceeding in the aggregate £750 in value to the winner shall be eligible to compete. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. (No allowances for apprentices.)

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948; with £750 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For Three and Four-Year-Olds at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

ONE MILE.

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age with Penalties and Allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards.)

A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948; with £1,250 added. Second horse £250, and third horse £125 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £500 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £300 in value to the winner allowed: three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £300 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries.

ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. (No allowances for Apprentices.)

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948; with £750 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. 7lb.

ONE MILE.

Entries closed on MONDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1948.

WEIGHTS were declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 6th September, 1948.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 12 noon on Thursday, 9th September, 1948, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division. The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

M. D. J. DAWSON,
Secretary.